THE SPEECH OF Sir George Pudsey Kt.

(Serjeant at Law, and Recorder of *Oxon*)

TO THE

KING,

UPON

His MAJESTY's Coming to *OXFORD*,

Sept. 3. 1687.

Dread Sovereign.

SO vast an Awe and Deference is due to the Majesty of a Crowned Head, that the most polite Wit ought to have a great presence of mind, that speaks before Him; therefore one so unworthy of this Honour as my self, humbly implores Your Majesties patience, and pardon for his failings.

Great Sir, No sooner Your Majesty ascended the Throne of Your Royal Ancestors, but You were proclaimed a Favourite of Heaven, the Wicked were taken in their own Nets, mighty Rebels fell before You, and Your Loyal Subjects rejoiced in Peace: Answerable to these glorious beginnings hath been Your Majesties Character to this moment. Thus Virtuous Princes bless their People; *Hezekiah's* Holiness saved his Kingdom, when *David's* Sin cost him 70000 Men. The great *Cyrus* was promised by Name, long before his Birth, to give ease and deliverance to the poor Captive Jews; and my Information fails me, if Your Majesty was not mentioned more than One Hundred Years ago, by one of Your Royal Predecessors, to be given us (most unworthy of You) to raise these Nations once again to Glory; For You, *Great Sir*, even against our Wills will make us Happy: Your Royal Breast having treasured up such a Magazine of all Princely Virtues, that were Your Kingdoms Elective, the Suffrages and Votes of all Men of Honor, Sense and Goodness, would be given You, with humble Supplications to accept the Royal Diadem. What are not our very Wishes indulged in, under Your most auspicious Reign? All Fears, but such as attend Women and Children, are removed: Property and Liberty, those darling Concerns, are so far from being invaded by You, that common Aids and Supplies to the King are almost forgot by us. Have not we of the Church of *England* Your Sacred Word (which never failed any yet that relyed on it) to Protect her in her Rites and Priviledges? As for those of Your Majesties Communion, Truth will defend me, If I say, their Sufferings and Loyalties have been great and eminent, and of late, the first highly Injur'd by the Oaths of perjured Villains (too much incouraged); They have Your Favour, and deserve a publick Reparation. As Your Majesty is, so is Your Mercy, for are not other Dissenters too as well as them (contrary to the measures of another Prince) by Your unparallel'd Clemency, freed from the Snares of Penal Laws relating to Religion, made purely for the Prince's Safety, and concerns no one else. This high flight of Royal Grace, so like Your Great Master's Example, after so much Disloyalty to the Crown, is such a wonder to the present Age, that future times will call Romantick. Therefore what Subject, either concerned, or as a Christian (whose chiefest Virtue is Charity) will not give his humble Thanks.

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Thus far Your Majesty hath gone by Your undoubted Prerogative; and indeed what is not the Prerogative of an absolute Monarch, let the Learned determine. Many of them say, His Condescention to Laws is rather a politick Mercy, than any obligation: But to avoid too nice an inquiry, common Reason, and the Kingdoms Interest, oblidges me to beleive the concurrence of a Parliament to so National a Good; And that were it moved by them, and the Royal Assent denyed, the Writ *de Heretico Comburendo* would be feared again. These Scars in Government once perfectly healed, no more Families will be ruined, Prisons filled, or Pockets emptied for Consciences sake (the Almighty's Province only). Then will every Subject according to Nature's Laws, which no human act can restrain, by the most ignorant be allowed capable to serve Your Majesty according to his merit. Then all hands will be at work like Bees carrying to the common Hive; Trade, the life of every Island, flouriſh, your Majesties Treasure and Your Subjects Talents increase, whilst You, *Great Sir*, the common Parent of your Country, watches for us all. We shall then contract the sullen Brows of other Nations, who will hate the Lands of their Nativities. Your Majesty, the Great Monopoliſt of Wisdom and Experience, knows what measures best to take to attain these mighty Ends: Your Power is like Your Courage, both invincible; A Princes best Security. For *Sir*, as Love and Fear sends Souls to Heaven, so both together make Monarchs Safe, and Subjects Loyal. Now all Welcome to *Cæsar* to his ever Loyal City; and all Joy to us, who most humbly and chearfully offer up our Hearts and Acclamations to Your Majesty; for this undeserved Honour, in esteeming us worthy of Your Royal Presence. Our Addresses too for Your Gracious Promises and Favours lately made, and shewed to all Your Subjects, would no doubt have rendred us more grateful: But Your Majesty, that is not to learn the Constitution of the meanest Borough within Your Empire, understands what influences this Place. Forgive, *Dread Sir*, this Stop and loss of time to Your Sacred Majesty. I am silent when I have said, All Greatness attend the KING, and long live *JAMES* the Second.

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I am, Yours, &c.

ITHACUS.